



# Shorty



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## Chapter 1 by Addie

I learned to walk when I was 8 months old. If you know anything about the average age of a walking baby, (Which you probably don't) you'll know that most babies don't walk until they're about a year old. I walked when I was 8 months old.

I never stopped moving. My parents told me that when I was younger, I never cuddled with anyone, and I only slept if I was tucked in just right. I still am a little bit picky about some things, but not everything.

I wasn't born premature or anything, but I was pretty small. I still am. If you know anything about being 4'11 in 8th grade, (Which I do) You'll know that people don't let you forget how superior they are to you, just because they're taller. I'm going to prove them wrong. As Dr. Seuss always said: "A person's a person, no matter how small." I just wish that all of the 'Hortons' at my school could believe that.

50% of the boys at my school are almost 6 feet tall, and of those tall freaks, 99% are complete idiots. That measly 1% of tall, non-idiots would be my imaginary boyfriend Oliver. He is 5'10 with freckles and glasses, but he never makes fun of my height. In fact, he rather likes me the way I am. I don't really bring him up much, and I'm not one of those kids who makes up imaginary people because they don't have any real friends. I have lots of good friends. I just use Oliver as an excuse to tell people that the chair next to me is taken. Code for: "I'm on my monthly special and I don't feel like talking to you so pick up your shit and move over before I personally remove your face."

It usually works.

If the people at my school could describe me in one sentence, it would probably be: "Oh, she's

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I have a mental tally chart of people in my life. One side is labeled: Idiots that I am secretly planning to murder, and the other is labeled: People that might be worth putting up with. I mostly stick to cats. I love cats. I'll probably end up being that crazy cat lady that sits in her old abandoned cabin and reads books all day, and who doesn't even have a husband because she is so short, that nobody would want to bend down that far to kiss her. I'm really short. But I can run. I can really run. I'm like, really fast. Like I said, I have been walking since I was 8 months old.

March 18, 2015

Today was a fine Tuesday. It was actually quite normal, but because you have no idea what a normal day is like for me, I will walk you through it. I am in 8th grade, and I have lots of friends. Not boys though. They are all tall idiot freaks.

My mom usually wakes me up by tapping my shoulder, but my sisters had other plans today. This time, I woke up to my light being flickered on and off, and then, as soon as I opened my eyes, I saw two of my youngest sisters standing tall and straight in the middle of my room.

"We have a song to present to you Mrs. Adeline." Ella stated trying to imitate a man's voice. Before I could yell at them to get out, they began the most clever, yet annoying chant I have ever heard in my life.

"Narwhals, Narwhals, swimmin' in the ocean, causin' a commotion, because they are so awesome." They chanted in low voices while swinging their arms back and forth like monkeys. They ended the chant with a karate bow, and then exited my room, whispering and giggling to each other.

If you know anything about having hair that's 22 inches long, (Which I do) you'll know that it takes lots of shampoo. It takes longer for me to wash my hair than the average 8th grade girl. I usually sing in the shower, but ever since my mom started trying to record my singing, I stopped. If you know anything about winning the Iowa state fair for singing three part harmony with your younger sisters, (Which I do) you'll know that people never leave you alone about it. Next time you wish you were a famous singer, think again. I won the fair about 8 months ago, and since then, I have been forced to sing 5 times for the nursing home, at 8 different houses while caroling, once at a theatre in Des Moines that holds about 100 people, 5 times for church, 2

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we need to post something on our youtube channel, sing for someone in the hospital, or record some songs to make a CD. My dad isn't nearly as bad. I love my dad.

After my shower, I pulled on some dark jeans and a 5K T-shirt that still fits me from 5th grade. It's bright orange so I put on a Duluth sweater over it. I don't like orange. I used to live in Duluth. We had an old blue house on the top of a hill so that we could look out our front window and see the lake shimmering below us. I miss Duluth. We have lived here in Cresco Iowa for about 5 years, but I still miss it.

My mom forgot to buy more milk yesterday, so I can't have cereal for breakfast. The only thing left is whole grain toast. I hate whole grain toast.

If you know anything about whole grain toast, (Which you probably don't because nobody in today's modern society eats it) you'll know that the seeds get stuck in your teeth, and the crust tastes like dirt. I ate seeds and dirt for breakfast. It tasted gross.

My hair took forever to brush, but when I finished, I put it up into a bandana. If you know anything about wearing bandanas to school, (Which you probably don't because nobody in todays modern society wears them) you'll know that everyone automatically assumes that you're a muslim or something. No offense to any muslims out there.

I put on my muddy torn up tennis shoes, and slipped out the door, hoping that my mom wouldn't make me put on a coat. The ride to school was 20 minutes long, and my sisters fought in the back seat the whole time. I'm glad that my dad was driving us to school. When my mom drives us, she goes 2 miles an hour and I'm always late. When my dad pulled up to school, I jumped out without saying goodbye. It makes me feel tough to be dropped off in my dad's rumbling, diesel truck.

I walked into the cafeteria and sat down next to my friends until Mr. Wiley dismissed us. If you know anything about Mr. Whiley, (Which you probably don't unless you attend Crestwood Jr. High) You'll know that he's like a bomb. One wrong move and you're...well...there's no you. My locker number is 332, and it's at the very far end of the 8th grade hallway. Most kids have separate folders and notebooks for each class, but I keep mine in one big binder so I don't have to stop at my locker during the day. After I gathered my things, (Including my \$1,000 laptop that the school supplies to every student) I met up with Hallie so we could walk to choir together.

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and practiced an African song that we've been working on. Our teacher is Mrs. Lefebre. (LA-FEE-ber) I really like her. She is a well rounded lady with a wonderful attitude, and she never fails to make me smile.

During math, we ate marshmallows from under the table so the teacher wouldn't see them. We hardly got anything done, and we made fun of Harry's shorts. If you know anything about Harry Kitchen, (Which you probably don't) you'll know that he wears shorts no matter the weather. In heritage, we watched a documentary about the expedition of Lewis and Clark, and took notes. I fell asleep.

After that, I met up with Amiah so we could walk to tech together. We had to research different useful robots that people are starting to use. I found a robot that moves like a real fish, and detects polluted water. It was kind of creepy.

Then I had lunch. I told Grace I had to pee, so as soon as we got in line, she started making water sounds, and Beth chimed in. They were both making fun of me in friendly way, and I wouldn't have minded, except that my crush was standing right behind me. If you know anything about having your friends make fun of you because you have to pee while your crush is standing right behind you, (Which I do) you'll know that it's the most embarrassing thing that will ever happen to you. Unless of course you also lost your pants in front of your three younger sisters, your best friend, and three high school girls, and then you were stuck in the rafters of a barn in just your underwear in 5th grade. That is embarrassing on a whole nother level.

We had popcorn chicken for lunch, with peaches and scooby snacks. I ate my scooby snacks first. Lunch went as usual. We teased Anna about her and Eric walking together after school, we talked about Grace's latest zombie movie, and I gave April some pieces of chicken under the table. She's convinced that she's too tough to eat anything. She says she eats one meal every two days. Her size says otherwise. You can dare her to do anything, and she'll do it, just to prove she can.

In science, we watched another documentary. It was about the first moon landing, and the video was all fuzzy. It annoyed me, so I stared at the ground and listened the whole time.

I have 6th hour study hall, and I usually play flinch. It's a game where you skype a random person for 20 seconds, and try not to smile. The first one to smile loses. It's really fun. Today I

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